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POEMS

By
Elizabeth Mary Foster
of Virginia

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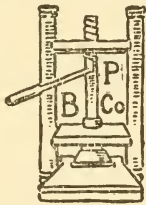
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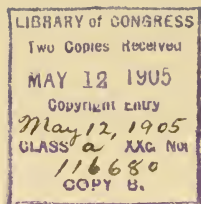
P o e m s

BY

Elizabeth May Foster
" "
of Virginia



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835 Broadway, New York,



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ELIZABETH MAY FOSTER.

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DEDICATION.

TO friends, both known, unknown,
whose spirits linked
With mine in kinship are, I dedi-
cate

These lowly strains of minstrelsy which soul
From life has caught in moments glad and
grave.

An intermingling 'tis of shade and sheen—
Fit type of Naure's moods; a reflex true
Of feelings which the inner life has stirred.
Nathless, this book a worthy mission has:
Good cheer for troubled hearts and sun-
beams bright

To radiate the homes where it abides.
Untouched its concepts are by artist hand;
Too deep an impress did the Master give
To their great spontaneity of thought
For human tampering. Dear comrades true,
"What's writ is writ: would it were
worthier!"

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THE SOUTHERN TRINITY.*

THERE'S deep pathos in the story,
Of the cause which men call
"Lost;"

Though our Southland was not vanquished,
Foeman won at fearful cost.

'Tis a theme for song and story,
Which will live for ages yet;
'Tis replete with deeds of glory,
Soldiers brave can ne'er forget.

In the hearts of every Southron
Is enshrined a triune band,
And few other names can match them
In our own or foreign land.

On the roll of statesmen peerless
Stands the name of Davis true;
He, so gifted, so determined,
Wisdom had possessed by few.

* Written for the Confederate Veterans.

Through those years of fearful carnage
 Stood he at his nation's helm;
Stood like man among his fellows,
 Though the loftiest in his realm.

There's a cell in Fortress Monroe,
 That for years—some two or three—
Held the form of captive hero,
 Matchless in humility.

Ah! we weep that noble leader
 Should have suffered for our cause:
Thus his greatness was exalted—
 Diamond brilliant without flaws.

Then, upon the roll of warriors,
 Shines resplendent name of Lee,
He who led brave soldiers forward
 To the van, our land to free.

We've been told there's cypress blended
 With the laurels that he wore,
But we've never seen that cypress,—
 Always laurels, evermore.

We can never hear the mention
Of brave hero such as he,
That we do not bow in homage
And thank God for Robert Lee.

Next upon the roll is Jackson—
“Stonewall,” name he proudly bore,
And that name expressed him truly—
Name we Southerners adore.

Never soldier was more fearless
Than this hero so renowned,
For he fought for home and freedom,
This dear chieftain God had crowned.

In the Army of Virginia
He was always hope forlorn;
And when Stonewall's men were coming,
Courage fresh in souls was born.

But the brightness of the picture
Is obscured by falling tears,
For in moment of great victory
Our belovèd disappears.

Ah! it is a cruel story!

Shot down by his men in grey,
Hand upraised to God of battles,
As his wont was in each fray.

Dear "Lost Cause," thou art immortal!

And thy heroes live for aye;
In our sunny Southland, Dixie,
Cause so sacred ne'er can die.

Years have thinned our ranks, dear com-
rades,

And the time is coming fast,
When our banquets and reunions
Will all be forever past;

But when boatman pale shall row us

O'er the river, may we rest
'Neath the trees, with our loved leaders,
Each a welcome heavenly guest.

IMMORTAL IN MARBLE.

(Dedicated to the Surviving Women of the Confederacy.)

IMMORTAL in memory for long years
they've been;
Immortal in marble, say Veterans
now.

Some sculptor inspired, far away from war's
din,
With this tender memorial the world must
endow.

Brave women were they, a true Spartan-
like band,
Who gave to their country so freely their
all,
Those women in "sixties," of sunny South-
land,
That gladly responded to section's loud
call.

Not lacking in love were those mothers of
ours,
For tenderer hearts never beat in warm
breast.

True patriots were they, who'd resist all the
pow'rs

Arrayed 'gainst the right, they most
proudly confessed.

'Mid throes of wild anguish they lent help-
ing hand;

Like Mother of Gracchi, their "jewels"
they gave.

Ah! naught was too precious for dear na-
tive land;

For freedom they loved, and that land
they must save.

By war metamorphosed, protectors were
they

Of homes from which husbands and
fathers had sped

To fields red with carnage, investured in
grey,

While bravely they fought 'neath a rain-
fall of lead.

Such planning they did, and such pray-
ing! ah, me!

Though hard to provide for a starving
home-band,
This blanched not the cheek like the thought
of *might be*
In battle to-morrow, with foe hand to
hand.

Blockaded were they, but could always de-
vise
Some comforts for home and for hospital,
too,
True lovers of country, they thought it un-
wise
In souls to despair, e'en though luxuries
were few.

Dear mothers! with reverence we bow at
your shrine,
For nothing impossible e'er was to you!
The holiest chambers of mem'ry are thine;
Heart incense we give you as chaste as
the dew.

Our women! ah! surely the guerdon they've
won

Of splendid memorial—a snowy shaft
rare—
Embodying their virtues, with deeds that
were done
For cause so heroic, whose honors they
share.

Like lily of Easter, this cenotaph pure
Will breathe forth a fragrance, though
only white stone;
And each Southron shall see, in words that
endure,
The name and the fame of his mother
alone.



GONE FORWARD.

(Lines commemorating the death of the great Southern Hero, General Robert E. Lee, President of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, and written over thirty years after that event.)

ENTERED into rest! Passed from
earth's shadows
Into the radiance of the sinless
land.
Gone forward like a soldier loyal,
Responding to his officer's command.

Thus did our chieftain pass to heavenly
rest,

'Mid plaudits of his own and other lands,
Obeying Captain's order, without murmur,
To enter house not made with earthly
hands.

The Great Eternal planned this sacrifice;
And meekly, from the shining heights of
fame,
Our South's belovèd bowed his laureled
head
Obediently at mention of his name.

Not death it is to die, when we have made
Earth better by our living, and have left
Sweet mem'ries blossoming in other hearts,
Like verdant ivy in the ruined cleft.

He is not dead! for all earth's arches ring
With name and fame of this great,
Christ-like one,
Whose talents rare were given to mankind,
While soul serenely walked with God's
dear Son.

ROBERT E. LEE.

ALL honor to Lee, our great chieftain,
So regal, so loyal, so brave!
Who foremost stood ever in battle
And strove our dear Southland to save.

Our Lee was a chivalric spirit,
Commanding the praise of the world.
In warfare he ever was dauntless;
For conscience his flag was unfurled.

But destiny called the great soldier
To sacrifice all he held dear;
Unvanquished he yielded his sabre,
But God his brave spirit did cheer.

The clang of the battle is over;
The Angel of Peace has long spread
Her white wings o'er fields that were gory;
Our hero now rests with the dead.

Immortal, he dwells with us ever,
Enshrined in the heart's Holy Place;
The cypress with laurel is blended;
No time can his mem'ry efface.

WASHINGTON.

DIVINELY appointed, he came to
earth

With grander equipment than
royal birth,

For the Lord on that head His hand had
placed

To lead him forth through the wilderness
waste,

That, like Israel's leader in days of old,
His name might be writ in letters of gold
As hater of tyrant, lover of right,
Commander of hosts in Liberty's fight.

Though elect of God, he was free to choose,
But woe unto him should he dare refuse
The loud call of Jehovah to lead His band
Through the threat'ning sea to the Promised
Land.

Undaunted he stood when the timid quailed,
His faith unshaken, however assailed,
For Truth was his watchword, Duty his
guide,
And always there walked the Lord at his
side.

Ah! that was the secret of his great name—
Trusting the Strong One, not seeking for
fame;

Doing the work that the Lord deemed best,
Fighting for country, whatever the test;
Sounding the cry that was Tyranny's doom,
Helping a nation emerge from its gloom;
Glorious nation! America free!
Washington's first in thy grand Jubilee!



OUR DEAD CHIEFTAIN.*

ENWRAPPED in gloom our Nation is,
For its great chief has passed
away;

And with sad hearts and tolling bells,
We yield his form to earth to-day.

“No North, no South, no East, no West!”
We are a band of brothers true,
And mourn alike the loss of one
Whose virtues every section knew.

* President McKinley, September 19, 1901.

With wise foresight, with noble aim,
He firmly for the right did stand,
And helped to make us what we are,
A prosperous, happy, peaceful land.

We see him stricken from the earth,
In prime of life, with honors rare,
And as a Nation stand aghast
That Anarchy could such crime dare.

"God's will is best!" Ah! noble soul!
With all earth's glories clustering 'round,
He bowed submissive to that will,
Attesting he True Love had found.

In plaintive tones that dying prayer,
"Nearer, My God, to Thee," we sing,
'Mid muffled drums and funeral march
And vision of the one true King.

Unitedly our nation mourns
The loss of one so wise and pure,
And for his second, dearer self
Invokes the strength that can endure.

A man 'mong men, not soon shall we
Such kingly spirit see again!
To-day all evil thoughts are hushed—
We feel he has not died in vain.

His soul was loyal to each trust;
Devotion in his heart was shrined;
And, grateful, we the tribute give:
McKinley lived to bless mankind!

SENTIMENT.

GHOSTS.

DO you believe in ghosts?" you ask,
And cuddle at my side,
While I, with bated breath, reply,
As you your visage hide:

"Oh! yes, my child, I've seen them oft,
Those frightful, shadowy things,
Weird apparitions men call ghosts,
Which flit on unseen wings.

"Pale, haunting ghosts from out the past
Before me often rise—
The ghosts of cruel, mocking words,
Of love the sacrifice;

"The ghosts of griefs I did not soothe,
Of tears I failed to dry,
Of sympathy I did not feel,
And woes that I passed by;

"The ghosts of kindly deeds unwrought,
Of gracious words unsaid,
Of passions that were unsubdued,
Of hearts un comforted.

"These shapeless phantoms round me glide,
When deep in reverie,
Alone I sit in twilight gloom
A prey to memory.

"Would you such spectres ne'er behold
Let life, dear child, be free
From human weaknesses like these,
And 'stead of ghosts, you'll see
Your thoughts and words and deeds come
back
In angel symmetry."



SINCE.

SINCE I've seen the starry shine
Of thy radiant eyes divine,
I've been walking in a dream,
And forever thou dost seem
To be wholly mine.

Since I've heard thy voice so low,
With its soothing, heavenly flow,
Nothing can dispel its tone,
For it speaks to me alone,
Never saying, "No."

Since thou art a guileless dove
I will never from thee rove,
But forever we'll abide
As the years shall onward glide,
Sweethearts bound by love.



MY BRIDE.

ARRAYED in shimmering white,
A vision of delight,
Was my bonny, bonny bride.
Orange blossoms in her hair,
Oh! how fair, how very fair,
Was life's angel at my side!

'Twas just six months ago!
My heart's now full of woe,
For there's no one at my side.
She is robed again in white,
As on that auspicious night,
But Death's claimed her as his bride.

My life is sore bereft;
In deepest grief I'm left
Since she vanished from my side;

But sweet memory she'll be
Till I cross the jasper sea
Where awaits my angel bride.



TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME!

LOVE is shining in your eyes,
It is vocal in your sighs,
But the heart within me cries:
"Tell me that you love me!"

Symbols sweet are these, indeed,
Symbols that my heart doth need,
But for loving words I plead;
"Tell me that you love me!"

Earthly griefs can ne'er depress
When thy whispered tenderness
Folds me like a soft caress.
"Tell me that you love me!"

All along life's rugged way
Spoken love will shed bright ray,
Therefore fervently I pray:
"Tell me that you love me!"

LOVE PERFECTED.

WE have grown old in life's harness together,
My brave little wife and I;
From cheek and from lip the rose tint has vanished,
But what care I—care I?
Love's ties have been welded by years that have flown,
And she's ever and always my own, my own,
Despite of the charms that fly.

You may prate as you please of passion of youth,
'Tis phantom, 'tis myth to mine;
The love of our years has been strengthened by tears,
And, with arms that entwine,
At bridal and bier we have stood side by side,
Seeing home's treasures away from us glide,—
God's decree, we'll not repine.

The griefs that have come have intensified
love,—

A halo rests over all ;

With faces turned homeward, two pilgrims
we are,

Awaiting the heavenly call ;

Our constant petition, our deep, fervent
prayer,

Inaudible often, that we may both share
One grave when death's shadows fall.



LOVE IS IMMORTAL.

THOUGH youth has departed,
We're never faint-hearted,
But bask in its ray ;

For love is immortal,
And we at its portal
Are standing alway.

Bright hopes may have perished,
Fond ties still are cherished,

Which pass not away.

Love's pole-star is shining,
And hearts are enshrining
Its radiance for aye.

There's naught that can sever
Souls welded forever
By love's magic bond.
True love is immortal,
And waves at life's portal
Its mystical wand.



I LOVE YOU SO.

SHE said it quite softly, she said it
quite low,

“I love you so, I love you so;”
But the birds of the forest caught the low
sound,
And re-echoed it all through the woods
around,

“I love you so, I love you so.”

Then she merrily sang on waters that flow,

“I love you so, I love you so;”
And the tiny wavelets that rippled along
Repeated the words of her rapturous song,
“I love you so, I love you so.”

Anon came soft murmur, 'mid sunset's rich
glow,

“I love you so, I love you so;”

And the bright-tinted clouds, though so far
away,

Spelled those magical words in glitt'ring
array,

“I love you so, I love you so.”

Then she lisped, as 'neath stars they roamed
to and fro,

“I love you so, I love you so;”

And like morning stars, which in olden
time sang,

Those stars with the maiden's glad melody
rang:

“I love you so, I love you so.”

Bewildered she said, blush suffusing the
snow,

“I love you so, I love you so;

To you alone have I told the sweet story,

But myriad voices echo its glory,

I love you so, I love you so.

“Why can’t I on dear one those fond words
bestow,—

‘I love you so, I love you so,’—
Without such an echo in musical bars
From birds and from river, from clouds and
from stars,

‘I love you so, I love you so.’

“Ne’er again will I say, dear lover, I trow,

‘I love you so, I love you so.’
That love is too sacred in chorus to flow;
In my heart ’tis chiming a blessed solo—
‘I love you so, I love you so.’”



INDESCRIBABLE.

DEAR heart, you ask me to describe
The love I feel for thee;
But subtle essence so divine
Eludes forever pen of mine;
I only know I love thee.

When birdling can describe its song,
The song that God has given;

When starlets bright know why they shine,
I will describe this love of mine—
This love allied to heaven.

When dainty blossom can define
The perfume in it dwelling;
When beauty understands the spell
Of witchery it weaves—ah, well!
My love I'll then be telling.

Divinity our souls has shaped,
And Love indwelleth there,
The child caressed by King of Kings;
And sweetest carol she e'er sings
This love you fondly share.



LOVE'S HOPE.

♦ **I** KNOW you do not love me,
But 'tis bliss to think of you;
A magnet thou, my own sweetheart,
And I your lover true.

You've said me "nay," my darling,
And you mean it now, I know,
But lady fair was never won
By heart that's faint, I trow.

So I'll keep on a-loving,
And a-wooing, too, my dear,
For hope my soul is buoying—
It knoweth naught of fear.

My gifts you do not prize, love,
They are "trifles light as air";
But the giving makes me happier;
For your thanks I do not care.

The world is brighter, darling,
For the shining of your eyes,
Which always make me think, dear,
Of the land of Paradise.

Like melody in dreams, love,
Is the music of your voice;
Could it pronounce a loving "yes,"
My heart would then rejoice.

I know you do not love me,
Though 'tis bliss to think of you.
If another you should marry,
Life's thread would snap in two.

PERENNIAL LOVE.

(To Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Fisher, of Norfolk, Va.,
Commemorating their Silver Wedding, February
12, 1904.)

♦ **I** LOVED you in youth's hallowed time
When life was hope and gladness;
I loved you in my manhood's prime,
Ere joy was dimmed by sadness.

And now the sere and yellow leaf
Finds love for you unchanging;
Thank God there's never been the grief
Of hearts that knew estranging.

Hand clasped in hand we're journeying,
dear,
A-down life's hill together;
True love in heart, we've naught to fear,
Since love's proof 'gainst all weather.

The snow and ice of winter time
Will ere long gather 'round us,
But Love Eternal thaws all rime;
And that love e'er surrounds us.

THE MAGICIAN.

HE said that he loved her,
He whispered it low,
But deep down in her soul,
She heard its soft flow.

The words chimed and echoed
With rhythmical sound;
Worlds inward and outward
Awoke with a bound.

The skies were more azure,
More verdant the grass,
The lover was happier,
More joyous the lass.

The birds sang more sweetly,
The sunshine was gold;
Bright dreams of young lovers
Can never be told.

The odor of flowers
Distilled on the air
Was heaven's own perfume,—
Love made it so rare.

Ah! wondrous magician,
This Cupid we call,
That fills with such gladness
The lives of us all.



POESY.

A GIFT of the gods," said a
thoughtless one;
Nay! rather, say we, with reverence meet,
A gift from *the God* to elevate thought
And give to life's prose a measure complete.

Ah! hard were our lot with rhythm left out,
And sweet lullabies and snatches of song
Forever destroyed by Reason's cold creed,
While treading life's ways a prosaic throng.

How thrilled is our spirit, what rapture we
feel,
When Poesy, Child of the Muses divine,

Writes thoughts in our heart that will be
to mankind
A sesame true to the soul's inner shrine.

Our Father, we thank Thee for sentiment
pure,
Engraved as with diamond upon our own
heart
By poets baptized with Thine own living
fire,
For life's hallowed service by Thee set
apart.



YEARNINGS.

♦ **I** CARE not for laurels
That may deck my cold brow,
'Tis tender affection
I am craving just now.

I ask not for riches,
Which disquiet the mind;
I long for devotion
That in fond hearts we find.

I yearn not for pleasures
That so lead one astray;
I'm looking for sunshine
That will ne'er fade away.

I seek not position,
For "society's" vain;
'Tis true, earnest living
That I seek on earth's plane.

O friends! not one flow'ret
Must you lay on my tomb;
Just give me Love's violets
In my heart here to bloom.

Oh! speak to me gently,
As a poor homeless dove;
Oh! think of me kindly,
Let me rest in your love.



SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES it is the simplest lays
That wake within the soul God's
praise;

Sometimes the humblest things have power
To cheer our hearts in gloom-fraught hour.

Sometimes, sometimes.

Sometimes when steeped in deep distress,
And earth seems one great wilderness,
A brown-winged bird will sweetly trill
A song that causes heart to thrill.

Sometimes, sometimes.

Sometimes when sun has ceased to shine,
And we forget that life's divine,
There's sudden rift, and blue appears—
This heavenly signal dries our tears.

Sometimes, sometimes.

Sometimes when lonely past all speech,
And faith cannot to great heights reach,
A pure thought dropped by little child
Has us of loneliness beguiled.

Sometimes, sometimes.

Sometimes we muse of coming days
Whose myst'ries souls of ours amaze;
Thought trembles on the brink of woe,
And then dissolves: God loves us so!
But not sometimes—*always*, we know.

VISIONS.

DAYS for visions have departed,
Earth-born spirits say,
But the soul within us thrilleth
At their glimpse to-day
With the same ecstatic fervor
Felt in far-off yesterday.

Thoughts that fill with aspiration
For a higher life,
Beauteous scenes of royal Nature
Free from earth's vain strife,
Lives from selfishness divested,
Are with glorious visions rife.

Whatsoever tends to guide us
To bright realm above,
Whatsoever calls and woos us
To immortal love,
Is an angel sent from heaven,
Rapturous vision! peace-winged dove!

MOTHER'S COMING HOME.



MOTHER'S coming home to-day!"

Joyfully the children say.

"Home has been a lonesome
spot,

Everyone has us forgot

Since mother went away.

"Mother's coming home to-day!

Now we'll romp and dance and play.

She is used to girls and boys,

And she'll love to hear our noise,

For mother's been away.

"Mother's coming home to-day!

Coming back always to stay,

And the sun will shine once more,

As it shone for us before

Our mother went away.

"Mother's coming home to-day!

We'll be gayest of the gay,

For no children in our land

Have a mother half so grand—

Dear mother's been away!"

“Mother’s coming home to-day!”
Words that shed a golden ray.
Mother’s absence creates dearth,
And it shows her matchless worth.
She’s coming home to stay!



IN THE SOUL GARDEN.

Roses and lilies and violets are
blossoming
In the soul garden, and I am pre-
suming
To interpret their virtues so rare,
And to tell you why each is so fair.
Blest innocence slumbers in rose that is
white,
Oblivious of vices that souls often blight.
Of sacrifice speaketh the rose that is red,
Like crimson flood pouring from heart that
has bled.
For chastity surely there’s naught will com-
pare
With chalice of lily, so fragrant and fair.

Humility type is of violet shy,
That shrinketh and hideth away from man's
eye.

Blossoms of loveliness fair that are bloom-
ing

Richly in garden of soul, I'm assuming,
Are as clear in their symbols to me
As the diamond's bright sparkle we see.



THE ISLES OF LONG AGO.

LIFE and Love have gone a-maying,
And delightedly are straying
'Mid Isles of Long Ago;
A beauteous land in which to stay,
Enchanted land of yesterday,
Sweet Isles of Long Ago!

Aladdin's palace pales beside
The castle grand in which abide
Dear friends of Long Ago.
With portraits true its walls are hung,
In echoing labyrinths songs are sung
Of happy Long Ago.

'Tis only in this castle rare,
'Tis only in these islands fair,
Dwell friends of Long Ago;
So Life and Love in this bright land
Will keep on Maying, hand in hand,
Through Isles of Long Ago.



THE DEFAULTER'S WIFE.

SUCH cruel, cruel rumors
As are floating on the air!
I stand aghast to hear them,
And am filled with wild despair.

"Defaulter," say the papers;
Ah! what wicked words they use!
My Harry was too noble
To men's confidence abuse.

"He's missing." Yes, he's missing;
Do you think he'd stay and hear
Untruths so basely flagrant
Heaped on name he holds so dear?

You've driv'n him from his loved ones;
You've besmirched his honor fair;
Some other man is guilty—
How could he such crime dare!

My heart for him is pleading;
He's my husband pure and true;
God bless him and defend him—
In his path sweet lilies strew.



A ROUNDELAY OF HOPE.

A ROUNDELAY I sing to-day
Of life so sweet, so all-complete,
When music rare shall float in air,
And joyous sound be all around;
On earth, in sky, beneath, on high,
Blest pleasures dwell no tongue can tell.—
Thought of such bliss were not amiss,
And so I'll rhyme of that good time
Which is most surely coming,
When naught can heart annoy,
When life has no alloy,
And all's millennial joy:
'Tis coming, coming, coming!

CUPID'S CAPRICE.

'T WAS a fairy castle that we builded,
You and I;
Soaring sunward, spreading east-
ward, westward,
Broad and high.

In that castle fair Love's god was dwelling,
Fond and free;
And on us he richly showered his blessings;
Glad were we.

But, alas! that fairy castle crumbled
In a night;
Of caprice of Cupid we were victims,-
Doleful plight!

Wanton Love, that arch deceiver, suddenly
Took wing;
And thus you and I forever parted,
Sorrowing.

There's no fairy castle that can hold him;
He can fly!
So with blanched lips that quiver we say:
"Good-bye! Good-bye!"

PROSPECTIVE.

♦ **I**N the radiant summer time
When the bells most sweetly
chime,
And the sun will golden shine,
You'll be mine! You'll be mine!

Thought enrapturing to the soul,
Leading forth to life's true goal.
Heart's fair angel by my side,
We will ever thus abide.

Sweethearts true we'll always be—
I to you and you to me;
Fonder, truer with each year,
Filling life with sweetest cheer.

Our bright honeymoon will last
Till life's latest sunset's past,
Then together we shall fly
To blest Home beyond the sky.

LOVE.

HE told her he loved her,
And sweet bells rang;
He told her he loved her,
Life's song-bird sang.

The bright sun is shining,
Cloudless the sky;
Fond hopes are entwining,
Shadows now fly.

All foes have evanished,
Angels encamp;
The heart is a palace,
Lit by Love's lamp.

Such ecstatic living
Has Cupid bold
That bliss of true loving
Cannot be told.

Oh! sing and be joyful;
Life is now May;
Attuned to rapture
Is Love's bright day.

GOOD-BYE, LITTLE SWEETHEART.

GOOD-BYE to the life that is ended,
The beautiful life of love;
Good-bye to the sentiment blended
With that beautiful, beautiful love.
Good-bye, little sweetheart, good-bye!

Good-bye to the fondness we cherished
In that beautiful life of love;
Good-bye to the hopes that have perished
With the ebb of that beautiful love.
Good-bye, little sweetheart, good-bye!

Good-bye to the tenderness dwelling
In that beautiful life of love;
Good-bye to the hearts that were welling
With love, beautiful, beautiful love.
Good-bye, little sweetheart, good-bye!

A last good-bye, we say with a sigh,
To the beautiful life of love;
Why, oh! why, must we say this good-bye
To that beautiful, beautiful love?
Little sweetheart, forever good-bye!

LOVE'S PERPLEXITIES.

SWEETHEART mine, you say you love
me;

Ah! I wonder if you do!
Could there be such painful discord
'Twixt the souls of lovers true?

Sometimes 'mid the sweetest music
Jarring notes are strangely heard;
But such music's not ideal—
'Tis not heard in song of bird.

True love's course, as poets tell us,
Does not always smoothly run;
But there must be tender loving,
E'en though lost is glint of sun.

Ah! I fear me, my own darling,
We don't understand aright
The deep tones our Father's given
To immortal spirits bright.

Blended with the gold seraphic
There's too much of baser ore;
We were meant to be like angels,
But we've lost heaven's blessed lore.

Oftentimes you are sarcastic,
And you wound me so, dear heart,
That I feel I must say to you :
“Go! We'll now forever part!”

But, my dear, we'll keep on loving;
Life asunder would be death.
God has joined our souls together—
They'll outlast this fleeting breath.



EPITHALAMIUM.

TO-DAY on you God hath bestowed
The richest gift of life;
To-day, with happy, trustful heart—
Red-letter day in Love's bright chart—
You take the name of wife.

In realm ideal you long have dwelt
And folded in your breast
The thought of what this day would be,
When full fruition you would see
Of love that God has blessed.

The radiant summertide is yours—
Its symbol this fair day;
Bright hope is arching your life sky,
Upheld by Love's god fond and shy,
As soft "*I will*," you say.

It means so much to give yourself,
With tender soul within,
To keeping of a man beloved;
A union by our Lord approved,
And free from taint of sin.

And now my heartfelt wish I breathe,
As pure as stainless snow;
May you to him and he to you
Be ever kind, be ever true,
Till bliss of Heav'n you know!



A FANCY.

I'VE a tender bit of fancy
That I've woven into song!
Far back in the misty epoch
That to childhood doth belong,

I could see from starry concave
Eyes of angels shining clear,
Bringing light that was seraphic
From their heaven to earthly sphere.

Darkness lighted by such fancy
Is not darkness that we fear,
For the *soul's* by it illumined—
Angels bright are ever near.
Childish fancies have departed
With the onward rush of time,
But those eyes I still see shining,
Beck'ning me to brighter clime.



THE SPIRIT'S PLEADING.

WAIT not, dear friends, till I to
dreamless rest am laid
Ere you with heavenly benedic-
tions crown my head;
Full well we know that famine of the human
heart
Is not assuaged by tender tributes paid the
dead;

So I entreat your praise
While yet I walk earth's ways.

Oh, speak the words that buoy the fainting
soul with hope,
While still these mortal bars my spirit
tightly hold.
Throw open wide your alabaster box of
love
And let its blessèd fragrance my poor life
enfold
While I, my kindred dear,
Yet linger with you here.

When I am gone no words of eulogy pro-
nounce,
No flowers of odorous breath heap on my
lowly mound,
Nor marble shaft uprear bespeaking virtues
rare;
Just let my life attuned be to rapturous
sound
Of love's sweet melody
Ere soul enthralled is free.

GOLD SUNDERED.

A BRINY tear within the eye,
From out the heart a gentle sigh;
“Good-bye! good-bye!”
’Twas thus we parted, you and I,
One dreary day ’neath the murky sky.

To-day we met as strangers cold;
Your hand did not mine own enfold,
For gold—bright gold—
Had so obscured the love of old
That throbbing heart for it you’d sold.



A WARNING.

IF my voice could ring outward all over
our land,
And reach listening ears of girls
everywhere,
It is this I would say with an unction di-
vine:
“Dear girls, in the matter of marriage
beware.

“You’ve your freedom just now, don’t re-
nounce it too soon;

Be sure that you love ere you pledge your
fond troth.

Love’s illusions too often are rainbowed by
tears,

And girls are deluded, like poor candle-
moth.

“Not to all is apportioned a home life of
love;

Position and fortune can’t ease the heart-
ache;

And no bondage there is that will ever com-
pare

With marriage that’s loveless, which,
prithce, don’t make.

“The allurements of Cupid oft lead girls
astray,

But Fancy to Reason should always give
heed;

And though life may be lonely, yet happy
’twill be

If useful, contented, you help the world’s
need.”

NATURE.

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IN MID-ATLANTIC.

♦ **I**N mid-Atlantic! Boundless waste
Of water all around;
Blue-bending arch of sky o'erhead,
But not a single sound
Save deep and thund'rous breathings heard
Of ocean's fleet greyhound.

'Tis blue and green and gray alway
That greet our longing eyes;
No other colors e'er we see
Except in sunset skies,
Or when the vivid lightnings flash
A wild and dread surprise.

We miss the whir and whirl of land,
We miss the church bells' chime;
We long for sight of friends we love,
We long for olden time.
Dear motherland, thou'rt better far
Than any foreign clime!

We've been at sea for days and days;
We've heard old Neptune roar;
We've strained our eyes to catch one glimpse
Of native, well-loved shore;

And then, in wild despair, we've cried:
 "We'll see thee nevermore!"

Of mid-Atlantic's vast expanse
 No pen can tell the tale;
So pitiful its record is—
 So full of woe and wail!
How many ships gone down at sea
 Like crystal spheres so frail!

The saddest sight in all the world
 Is funeral held at sea.
Engulfing waters swallow up,
 As their own precious fee,
The rigid canvassed form beloved,
 With soul fore'er set free.

Abysmal depths! "Dear Lord," we cry,
 "Our wounded spirits heal!
Rich promises of Holy Writ
 In faith's sore need reveal,
That ocean's deeps may tranquil be
 Where Love has set his seal."

A SCOTTISH SUNSET.*

A SUNSET on old Scotia's coast,
Transfixed, I gazed upon;
A scene of matchless beauty 'twas—
Enchantment stamped thereon.

Such glory thrilled my soul through it
That I in worship bowed
To God of Nature for such a gift,
And that He had allowed
A child of earth to catch those rays
That they fore'er might sound His praise.

O, artist friend, so genius-dowered,
Great glory thou didst catch
From scene resplendent with God's light—
A light which thou didst match—
And bring to our enraptured view
This pageant grand o'er ocean blue.

* Lines inspired by the magnificent Isle of St. Kilda painting, by Prof. Ambrose Macneil.

That sunset could not fade away,
For God did thee appoint
To make it shine for other souls,
Since He did thee anoint
To do this blessed work of grace
Till thou shalt see Him face to face.



WHISPERINGS OF SPRING.

SPRING is coming! Spring is coming!
Birds are singing, bees are humming.
Cold of Ice King was benumbing,
But the blessed spring is coming.

Tuneful sounds are these, indeed,
Sounds of which our hearts have need,
So we cry: "Stern Winter, speed!
For we love Spring's living creed."

Tender blades of grass are springing;
Swallows now are homeward winging,—
To our lives sweet cheer they're bringing,
Setting bells of hope a-ringing.

Quickened by the sun's warm rays,
Nature her rich tribute pays;
And our souls are filled with praise
While God's wonders so amaze.

Resurrection's power is 'round us;
Gospel truths no more confound us;
Nature's spring doth e'er astound us;
We, with earth, cry: "Love hath found us!"

Spring is coming! Life will thrill
Over valley, meadow, hill,
O'er brown twig and ice-locked rill;
Blessed Spring, our hearts you fill!



BIRD SONGS.

FROM the meadow comes to me
Joyous song of blackbird free:
"I am happy! I am happy
As birdling e'er can be."

Floating down from upper air,
List to note of lark so fair:
"I'm free from care! free from care!
Won't you all my joy share?"

In dark depths of evergreen
Glint of redbird's wing is seen
As he trills of might have been
Had this world been free from sin.

Autumn's air is growing cold,
But we hear blithe robin bold
Chirruping upon the wold
Of sweet hope his heart doth hold.

Now with sifting flakes so bright
Blends a song of glad delight:
"Chick-a-dee! I'm happy quite
In this frozen world so white."

If our faith would brighter grow
Let us oft to birdland go;
Songs of cheer will keep aglow
Fires God meant should ne'er burn low.



THE SNOW MIRACLE.

WHAT wonder-world is this that
bursts
Upon our sight to-day!

This fair, white world,
This rare, bright world,
A-gleaming 'neath sun-ray.

From mountain peak to mountain peak
A brilliant realm of snow.
By man untrod,
Fresh from its God,
Is this fair world below.

The sages say 'tis Nature's work,
No mystery, they trow;
And all in vain
Strive to explain
This miracle of snow.

'Tis type of purity divine,
This world we see to-day.
Ah! could soul be
From sin thus free,
How blest were life away!

FROM SEA TO MOUNTAIN.

EXTOL as you please the boundless
sea,
That matchless type of eternity,
Its broad expanse gives terror to me,
And soul speeds home to the mountains free.

Away from storm-swept billowy main,
With wreckage of hopes and worldly gain,
To bulwarks towering above earth's plain,
Sun-kissed and gleaming with golden grain.

Ah, mariner! keep thy soul aloft,
Since sorrow there is on the sea full oft;
I go to the heights whose breezes soft
My life-pulse have quickened so oft, so oft.



JUNE.

SWEET enchantress, I am kneeling
At thy feet in rapt delight,
For on all the face of Nature
Thou hast cast a shimmering light.

Surely earth was never fairer
Than in summershine to-day,
And no song was ever blither
Than this redbird's roundelay.

Myriad blossoms are distilling
Blest aroma everywhere,
And we feel the joy of living
As we quaff enchanted air.

Skies of azure, bright and cloudless,
Arch above a perfect earth;
And such scenes of living beauty
Give to life a nobler worth.

Queen of melody and perfume,
Queen of all the months art thou;
June the blessed, June the radiant,
At thy shrine to-day we bow!



SPRING.

THE reign of tyrant Winter's o'er
The flow'rs distil a perfume rare,
And hill and vale with music ring;

There's joy in every earthly thing,
And fresh significance has life
In this sweet season christened Spring.



THE WITCHERY OF SPRING.

BLOSSOMS now from buds are wak-
ing,
Fruits rich petals are down-shak-
ing;
Blithesome, witching Spring is here!
Matchless songs from thrush and robin
Blend with hopes in hearts a-throbbing;
Brightest time of all the year,
When earth's redolent of cheer,
And God seemeth very near.



NATURE'S GOLD.

LIFE'S great struggle is for gold,
"Hard and yellow, bright and cold,
Price of many a crime untold."

Better gold all may possess—
Gold of hope—of righteousness;
Gold of peace—of blessedness.

Gold God gives us without stint,
Gold that's coined in Nature's mint,
Gold unmixed with grime and flint.

Golden sunshine He doth give;
Golden grain, that we may live;
Golden grace, that says, "Forgive."

Gold in daffodils we see,
Gold in buttercups have we,
Gold in lily chalice, free.

Gold in skies that arch our way,
Gold that makes life's holiday,
Gold that shines whene'er we pray.

Nature's gold! 'Tis this we crave,
This the gold that makes soul brave—
Golden Love, that lights the grave.

GLADNESS.

HE'S singing a song of glad delight,
'Mid apple blossoms pink and
white;

The perfume blends with the music rare,
His life is free from cumb'ring care.

Dear little bird in the apple tree,
Trilling thy song for me, for me!
My heart was sad till I heard thee sing,
But joyous thoughts do now upspring.

Sweet lesson of cheer I'll learn from thee,
Blithe minstrel friend in the apple tree;
I'll banish grief from souls that are sad,
Thy gospel preach: "Be glad! be glad!"



MORNING.

THE earth is awaking from sleep,
The angels are ceasing to keep
Vigil o'er slumbering hosts.
From darkness the daylight is born,
From shadow comes roseate morn;
Mists vanish like ghosts.

Sealed eyes are awaking to life,
All nature with action is rife;
The singing of birds is heard.
The sun in bright glory appears,
His radiance banishes fears—
“Let there be light!” is God’s word.



EVOLVED.

STARLIGHT gleams behind the cloud,
Sunbeams slant through showers;
Verdure rich springs from decay,
Tiny buds make flowers.
Thus doth joy from sorrow wake,
Thus doth life fresh vigor take
From the cloud that lowers.



NATURE’S LARGESS.

YOU wonder why your eyes are blue,
Dear child of heavenly birth;
It is because they caught the hue
Of radiant skies that you passed through
In transit to the earth.

A second wonder is your lips,
Those priceless ruby twins,
That came 'cross unknown seas in ships
From lands whose opulence outstrips
The gold that fancy spins.

You marvel, too, at roseate tint
In cheeks so lily pure;
But Nature beauty will not stint,
And from her choicest sea-shell mint
She gave you this, I'm sure.

Another largess richly rare
This Lady Bountiful
Bestowed—a wealth of golden hair,
To crown the head of lassie fair
And make her beautiful.

And now you know, my gleesome elf,
Whence came your tintings fine,
Which far transcend all worldly pelf,
And incarnate in your sweet self
The gems of Nature's mine.

A SONG OF MAY.

THE woods are vocal with the songs
Of feathered warblers gay;
All nature is attuned to glee,
For 'tis the joyous May.

The resurrective power of spring
Is throbbing in the air,
And underneath its magic spell
The world grows wondrous fair.

There's perfume in the lily bell;
A subtle odor rare
From rose and violet is distilled;—
There's perfume everywhere.

I am quite sure Earth never wore
Garb of more splendid ray
Than that in which she now appears,
Apparelled as Queen May.

Bright days of yore come back again;
We've found the Wonderland!
In Fount of Youth we blissful lave,
And seize enchanter's wand.

The year is keeping holiday,
And we with fairies dance,
Laughing and singing merrily,
Since life is glad romance.



AUTUMN.

BATHED in beauty past describing
Is this autumn world to-day;
Rock-ribbed mountains, purple-
shadowed,
Outlined 'gainst skies of blue-gray,
Without speech are saying to us:
"Worship God alway."

Thrill of ecstasy we're feeling
In this beauteous world to-day;
Wonderland fires are brilliant gleaming,
Reflex of the sun's bright ray,
And their radiance soul illumines
As we softly pray.

Heart of universe pulsateth
With sweet harmony to-day.

And the inner world respondeth
To the outer world's glad lay,
As we twine for queenly autumn
Coronal of deathless bay.



THE WINTER MINSTREL.

THE feathered bards have flown
To sunny lands more fair;
Outside, the snow-drifts lie,
Within, so free from care,
The cricket's chirp is heard,
A tuneful roundelay,
That rivals nightingale's
In balmy month of May.

What matter moaning winds
Or frozen, leafless trees,
When in the heart of home
We've minstrels gay like these.
The outer world's forgot;
Aroma of sweet rose
Is mingled with each chirp
While summer sunshine glows.

HUMOR.

(71)

BECAUSE.

WHEN I ask why you love me
You archly reply,
'Twixt dimples and blushes,
"Because—that is why!"

Then to vary your answer,
You give a half sigh,
"I love you, I love you,
Because—that is why!"

'Tis a woman's sole reason;
Her wits always fly
When asked why she loves you—
"Because—that is why!"

E'en the wisest of women
Will always thus pause,
And foolishly stammer:
"Because, love, because!"

And if wise legislation
We Solons should try,
They'd still keep on saying:
"Because—that is why!"

JILTED.

♦ I 'M kinder sad, yet sorter glad
 You answered with a nay;
 It hurts my pride, but, that aside,
 I'll thankful be some day.

Kind Proverdence removed you hence—
 This view I wisely take.
I'll not renew my suit with you,
 For there's too much at stake.

A man's a fool to sigh and pule
 At woman's cruel nay;
He bears no scars from Cupid's wars,—
 Love's god don't fight that way.

I'll go ahead, and leave unsaid
 Soft, sentermental things;
Rememberin' this, there ain't much bliss
 In courtin' gals with wings.

Some day, perchance, I'll see askance
 The woman Fate designed
To be my bride, and at her side
 I'll live, and be resigned.

Till fateful time when bells shall chime
On that millennial day,
I'll laugh and flirt but not get hurt,
For turn about's fair play.



'A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

DO you love me? Sweetheart, say,
Do you love me?"—"Nay, nay,
nay!

I'm not loving any man;
I am shaping my life's plan
By the guidance of True Love,
Seeking His will Who's above.

"Love like this will not decay
Like the love encased in clay,
For it is a substance true,
Such as love like yours ne'er knew.

"Ah! you think you love me well,
But I think that time will tell
It was caprice, that was all,
Nothing real—Fancy's call.

“Love’s illusions can’t allure
From duty’s path a heart that’s pure;
So I bid you comfort find
In another more inclined
To have her life with yours entwined.”



THE MOSQUITOS.

♦ **I** DREAMED yester-night
The skeeters didn’t bite,
But when I awoke
Alas! ’twas a joke.
My face in the light
Was in dolorous plight,
And all I could do
Was to wail and boo-hoo!
I could not be seen
By maid or by queen,
And was forced to decline
An invitation to dine.
The soiree at eve
My spirit did grieve;
So a prisoner lone
In my room I made moan,

The only redress
My marred face to press
With handkerchief steeped
In tears I did weep,
And to utter a prayer
That skeeters beware,
As dear Uncle Sam
Will soon banish them,
When no more we'll complain
Of malaria and pain.

The glad thought of that time
Is the source of this rhyme;
And we'll sound a Te Deum
When no more we shall see 'em.



MOUSIE'S FATE.



ONE night, when the light had just
vanished,
I heard my trap click,
And then, very quick,
Came squealing of mouse that was fam-
ished.

That sound on the air ended my prayer,
For the S. P. C. A.

Would have something to say
Should cries continue and I not care.

'Twas not devout, but I hastened out
To relieve the woe
Of my tiny foe
Whose life was fleeting by steel-trap route.

"Dear mousie," I said, "you'll soon be dead;
It does seem a shame,
But me do not blame
For blow impending upon your head.

"Could you not hear when I warned you,
dear,
Of trap I would set
For my little pet
Who scampered through rooms without
fear?

"I endured it long; it was so wrong
That you did not heed,
But for stomach's greed
Let my warning pass like soothless song.

"'Tis too late now, for Hannibal's vow,
No Roman to spare,
Is one that I dare
To enforce at this moment, I trow!"
Do not ask how I fulfilled that vow,
But mousie was dead
And I in my bed,
With no mark of contrition on brow.
A robber was he from whom I'm free,
So I'll sleep till day,
For mice will not play
'Round corse of their mate to-night—*he! he!*



THE TRAVELER.

I'VE been a mighty traveler,
I've seen such wondrous
sights,
I've been among the Andes,
On Chimborazo's heights.
I've roamed through sunny Africa,
I've compassed icy Pole,
I've felt the breath of Simoon,
I've reached explorer's goal.

I've sated my ambition
For lands beyond the seas;
Yet, notwithstanding all this,
I've traveled at my ease.

Most gladly I've partaken
Of plantain, bread fruit, yam;
There's nothing that's escaped me,
Not even date of palm.

On famous steed of Arab,
On ship of desert true,
On back of faithful llama,
I've had experience new.

I've had a feast of reason
In famous cities old;
And in poor heathen India
I've seen gods made of gold.

Though traveling is expensive—
"The Paradise of fools"—
Yet travel such as mine's been
Is learned in modern schools.

My books were vade mecums,
My taste directed all,
And in imagination
I've roamed this terrene ball.

No bona fide traveler
Was e'er so free as I,
And if of true enjoyment
You'd taste, my method try.



MAGGIE'S COGITATIONS.

♦ **I**'M always glad when Friday comes
For then I'm free till Monday.
Next day I'll roam and have good
time;
Then go to church on Sunday.
I'll sleep till ten, and then—and then—
I'll have a good warm dinner;
But, lack-a-day! at six they say:
“Come, Maggie, you young sinner,
Your mother's sick and can't get up,
The baby's roused the neighbors;
You're needed here at once; get up!”
So I begin my labors.

'Tis work, work, work—incessant work;
Oh, how I long for school time!
For those bad children me distract,
And fill with thought of savage crime.
Ah! ne'er again will I complain,
Or call my school a prison.
An education's what I need,
For nursing's not my mission;
So I'll go back and be so good
My teacher'll hardly know me;
As student, I'll excel the class,
And wisdom true she'll show me.



LEWIS.

I'M my mother's special joy,
Just a little blue-eyed boy;
Curls a-clust'ring 'round my neck,
And with cute tricks by the peck;
Nicest boy you ever *see*—
Wonder what you *fink* of me?

I'm a mighty fighter, too;
Beat my cousin black and blue

When I went to visit him,
Little fellow, lithe and trim.
With his fists he'd bravely fight,
While I'd scratch and tear and bite
With the most intense delight;
Then, with tears a-flowing fast
We would hug and kiss at last—
Clever boys in sorry plight!

Now my name you want to know—
Like sweet music hear it flow;
Don't you be in such a hurry!
It is Lewis Barney Murray.

MEMORIAL.

(85)

JUST A FRIEND.

JUST a friend whose heart was true,
Just a friend whose nature knew
Naught of guile—whose spirit drew
Upward to its God.

Just a friend whose life was pure,
One whose friendship was secure,
Who affliction did endure
With fortitude sublime.

Just a friend who could impart
Comfort to a soul distraught,
And who had the happy art
To soothe life's sorrows.

Just a friend whose softest tone,
Breathed into the ear of one
Whose lone heart was all a-moan,
Evoked sweet music.

Just a friend that you could trust,
One whose thoughts were ever just,
And who, sleeping in the dust,
We mourn most truly.

Just a friend! What bitter pain
To lose such friend, for in vain
We seek to find his like again,
Since God hath called him.



THE COTTAGE BY THE RILL.

THERE'S a wailing in the wind,
There's a sadness undefined,
In the cottage by the rill;
For the best beloved of all
Has responded to God's call,
And the voice we loved is still.

She has found sweet rest in Him,
But our eyes with tears are dim
For the cottage by the rill
Can be home for us no more,
Since the one we did adore
Ne'er again life's niche can fill.

Ah! our soul is deeply wrought,
For there's anguish in the thought
That the cottage by the rill

Nevermore'll enshrine the band
Widely scattered o'er the land
 With hearts estranged and chill.

Through the mists of mem'ry we,
Looking backward, radiant see
 That blest cottage by the rill
With its old-time love and cheer,
Filled with recollections dear
 That our hearts will ever thrill.



NOT SATISFIED.*

SOMETHING was the matter
 With our bright-faced child,
And for weeks together
 She had seldom smiled.

“What’s the trouble, darling?”
 Was my query bold,
And with sobs of anguish
 She her story told.

* To Ada M., Metuchen, N. J.

“Oh! I am not happy!”
And her little frame
Was with grief a-quiver—
Grief without a name.

“I’m so afraid that I’ll
Not be satisfied
When I get to Heaven!”
The wee maiden cried.

Outright I would have laughed
At grief so absurd,
Had not feeling tender
All my being stirred.

“Get there first, my darling;
Trust God for the rest,
For a loving Father
Giveth what is best.”

’Twas a real sorrow
That our wee one vexed;
Question deeper never
Our own soul perplexed.

So strange to me it seemed,
In those bright days of yore,
Such odd query troubled
Little child of four.

“Satisfied with Heaven!”
Bliss beyond compare!
We with saints and martyrs
Would that bright world share.



MY FRIEND.

THE words of cheer he spoke to me
Will ever live in memory;
How good it was to have a friend
Whose thoughts with mine did sweetly
blend.

The cordial grasp of his warm hand,
The generous gifts he freely planned,
The sympathy, almost divine—
Were gracious types of soul benign.

Measured by time it is not long
Since he did join Heaven's holy throng,
But, oh! it seems so long to me
Since I did last that dear friend see.

My heart is sick when I contrast
Those bright, fleet days from out the past
With these, so full of murk and care,
With no kind friend my grief to share.

They tell me that my friend is dead;
It is not so! He's only fled,
Like birds we've known in olden time,
To fairer land, more genial clime.

What bliss it is to know he's free
From all the woes that here we see!
We cast off self; we upward move,
With Faith's glad cry, "Our God is Love!"



VICTORIA.

VICTORIA Regina, the world weeps to-day!

The nations are mourning; our
hearts tribute pay.

Illustrious ruler, proud Empress and
Queen,
Thy peer on the throne has but rarely been
seen.

Thy counsels were ever for justice and
peace;

Alas! that in warfare thy soul found re-
lease!

Thy heart was enstamped with true woman-
hood's worth,
Far richer and nobler than came from thy
birth.

As daughter, as mother, as wife thou did'st
shine
With luster resplendent like gems of the
mine.

A lady of culture, with dignified mien,
Thou wast a fit type of the world's greatest
queen.

We read of thy home-life, so lovely and true,
And yield thee a homage vouchsafed to but
few.

The dear Lord was gracious to shield thee
from pain
For so many years of thy glorious reign.

We grieve that thy sunset was clouded with
 woes,

That sorrow disturbed thy last earthly re-
 pose.

From Osborne, from Windsor, from all thy
 domain,

Thou hast passed to Heaven, thy guerdon to
 gain;

And the *Child of the King* sits enthroned in
 the skies,

Caught up from earth's tears into God's
 Paradise.



THE WISHING TREE.*

ANOTHER dear landmark's a thing of
 the past

That old wishing-tree that we loved
 to the last.

How fondly we loved it we never can tell;
Each time we saw it was like chiming of
 bell.

* The famous old live-oak that drooped over the stone-wall enclosing the extensive grounds of Governor Tazewell's home on Granby Street, Norfolk, Va.

It spoke to our souls with mysterious sound;
With link cabalistic to it we were bound.

We never could pass 'neath its verdant
boughs
That we heard not the whisper of tender
vows.

It was only the echo of tones long fled,
For that tree was instinct with voice of the
dead;

But in twilight's calm, sweet communion
had we

With dear vanished friends through that
whispering tree.

'Mid its green branches fondly nestled the
dove;

To it were confided sweet stories of love.

'Twas true to all lovers who to it appealed;
Those wonderful secrets it never revealed.

Ah! how much more faithful was that dear
old tree

Than we who are human, with whom secrets
are free.

Such wishes were made by the young and
the fair!

So often they asked for life free from all
care;

But wishes like these find no answer on
earth,

Since care is our dower from moment of
birth.

Some wishes, no doubt had fulfillment most
sweet;

Those coy young wishers happy wives now
we meet.

Thou dear Wishing Tree, spreading forth
like green bay,

The great giant Progress came striding thy
way;

Forthwith gave he order to uproot the tree
That God had appointed for soul's ministry.

"Why cumber the earth when town lots are
so dear?

For just on this spot shall appear *Pioneer*."

No room in the city for sentiment sweet;

'Tis business, that only, of which men can
treat;

Fair Mammon's the idol, the shibboleth's
"gold"—

The beauties of nature too oft have been
told.

Away to the wildwood most gladly we'll
hie,

And live till we pass to "the Sweet By and
By."



INVOCATION.

HOW can you be happy up there in the
skies

When I am so lonely down here?
You always gave comfort when heart was
oppressed;

Withhold not that comfort now, dear.

Your visible presence no more can I see,

But spirit with spirit may roam;

And down in the dust I've entreated my
Lord

That thus you may enter our home.

Oh! I would not murmur that God called
you hence,—

For His way is ever the best,—

But, darling, my desolate heart you must
soothe

With some of your heavenly rest.



ENSHADOWED.*

IT seems so strange, so very strange,
On this bright Christmas day,
To miss thee from our fold of love:
Earth's now so cold and gray.

Such mockery it seems to be
To smile or laugh to-day,
Since thou, the dearest of our band,
Art sleeping 'neath the clay.

Deep loneliness abides in hearts,
Thou wert with us alway;
No Christmas day we ever knew
With home's blest lamb astray.

* Tenderly inscribed to my friend, Mrs. S., of Norfolk, Va.

We call aloud for thee, dear one,
And reverently we pray;
But echo is the sole response—
Like thee, God's far away.

Though hearts are breaking, dear, I know
Thou wouldst not have us say
That God is cruel or unkind,
Or Faith hath lost her way.

However desolate our lives
On this sad Christmas day,
We'll heavenward look, with faith renewed,
And trust our God for aye.



MEMORIA IN ETERNA.

LONG months have sped since God
did lay
Upon thy heart His finger cold,
Bidding it pulse on earth no more,
But upward pass through gates of gold.
God claimed thy life! Full long hadst thou
Known disappointment's cruel stings;
Too proud and sensitive thou wast
To longer cope with earthly things.

Dear generous friend, with heart so true,
An inspiration to us all!

A type of manhood's noblest worth,—
Gone far beyond our pleading call.

"Thy will be done!" On bended knee
We say it oft, with soul that's brave,
But, oh, how hard it is to yield
Our best beloved to cruel grave!

We miss thee so! No time can dim
Thine image stamped upon our soul;
A crown thy martyrdom hast won,
While we still struggle for the goal.



MY MOTHER.

(Obit September 4, 1895.)

SHE gave me life, she gave me love,
She gave herself to me;
On fleshly tablet of the heart,
Engraved fore'er is she.

Sure never yet had anyone
A mother such as she;
God's own dear child in human guise,—
A captive now set free.

Unselfish, ah, word coined for her!
Of self she never thought.
A gentle, patient, suffering one,
Love's threads her life web wrought.

How wise was she! What lofty aims
Impressed she on our mind!
Great thoughts had she, expressed with
force;—
She left those thoughts behind!

Thou rarely gifted mother true!
As writer cogent, clear,
With voice of liquid melody,
That floats now on my ear.

No soul was ever higher keyed,
No life had nobler aim;
Ambition to be what God wished
Is linked with her dear name.

Deep sorrows gashed into her heart;
Her life was one of pain;
"Perfect through suffering," God decreed;
His grace did her sustain.

“At evening time it shall be light,”
Ah, promise sweetly true,
For when the convoy band she joined
Effulgent Light she knew.

For her sunshine, for me midnight;
Such anguish heart ne’er cleft.
“I want my mother!” was the cry,
Like little child bereft.

“I can do nothing more for her!”
Throbbled forth with deepest pain;
The burthen of that anguished thought
Will be my life refrain.

Though frail and shadowy she was,
Like phalanx grand stood she
’Twixt me and earth’s embattled foes;
Secure was I and free.

That phalanx gone, a thousand spears
Came rushing at my heart;
And since God called her spirit home
From love I’ve felt apart.

A homeless wand'rer here I roam,
Inspired by hope divine
That, when life's latest breath shall come,
In Heaven she will be mine.



THE ANSWERED PRAYER.*

A DAINTY little maiden,
Arrayed in spotless white,
Most patiently was sewing;
Off slipped the needle bright.

The mystery of threading
Quite baffled her young mind.
"Pease wed my needle, 'ister,
For I am a'most blind."

But sister for companion
Had Little Fauntleroy,
And no ear had for wee one
In time of such great joy.

* To Aline M., Metuchen, N. J.

The bright young face grew troubled;
 "Hunny Bunny, tan't you hear?
My needle's tum unwedded,
 Pease wed it, 'ister dear."

Still sister sat unconscious,
 For with such royal guest
She knew naught of the sorrow
 Of little one sore pressed.

Now light flashed on the darkness,
 For Faith was her strong shield,
And Aline's face grew radiant
 Since faith could victory yield.

In attitude imploring,
 With reverent, downcast eyes,
We hear her softly murmur
 To Father in the skies:

"Pease wed my needle, 'ister,"
 For Twist's dear sake, Amen."
The prayer was quickly answered,
 Aline was happy then.

The deaf ears were unstopped,
The book was cast aside,
And of the Kingdom such are these,
Who shall with God abide.



MEMORIALS.

THE best memorial of a life that's
ended

Is not graven on sepulchral stone,
But it is the gracious influence blended
With the lives that for that lost life moan,
And brave record of a holy faith defended—
Lacking which there's nothing will atone.



SHAKESPEARE.

IMMORTAL child of fame,
At mention of thy name
Impassioned thought doth rise,
Thou King in lowly guise.

Shakespeare, transcendent one!
Thou wondrous dowered son
Of Drama and of Song
Who thrill'st the world's vast throng.

Shakespeare, thou ne'er canst die,
To soul thou wilt be nigh
While time's gold orb doth shine—
Thou King of bards divine!



DEATHLESS.

(In Memory of Nellie.)



N vital ray
Caught from life's golden Sun,
She winged away
To Heaven and Holy One.

The chrysalis
That shrined her spirit pure
Now broken is—
The cast-off garb she wore.

A seraph bright,
Earth's mission she fulfilled;
A flower of light,
An incense sweet distilled.

In phantasy
Our darling one still lives,
For memory
Her vision deathless gives.

Enrapturing thought!
To enter Paradise
No change is wrought
In soul, life's one true prize!



WITH THE IMMORTALS.

GONE to dwell with the immortals,
In that far-off, deathless land,
Gone to live with God forever
Is the dearest of our band.

Though our hearts are filled with sadness,
There's no shadow of despair,
For our missing one is dwelling
In God's home of love so fair.

Earth hath lost its rainbow splendor
Since thine eyes no longer shine,
And love's lute no more respondeth
To thy touch, dear father mine.

Thy pure life was like the chalice
Of a lily, fragrant, white;
Its aroma still exhalet
Though thy form is lost to sight.

We are living 'mongst the dying,
Thou in blest immortal land,
Where we hope, earth's sorrows ended,
We shall form united band.



ST. VINCENT'S.

(Norfolk, Va., 1901.)

WITH a pride we cannot measure,
With a love that's pure and
free,
We have seen thy redivivus
In our City by the Sea.

Glorious things of thee were spoken
In the days of Isadore,
And thy gracious work of healing
Was alike for rich and poor.

God's own temple wast thou truly,
And like ministers divine
Were those white cornetted Sisters,
Gentle-voiced, with face benign.

To the calmness of thy temple
Bore we oft our holiest,
That with gentle ministrations
They might enter into rest.

Ah! those weary days of watching,
With their nights so full of pain,
And the anguish of those partings—
How they all come back again!

But that memory-haunted building
Has now vanished from our sight,
And from out its ashes rises,
Phoenix-like, thy vision bright.

In the freshness of thy splendor
Thou art lovely as a bride,
With great promises of service
That should quicken civic pride.

There is room in our fair city
For all works that are humane;
And when working for the Master
Let us lose the greed of gain.

Not with narrow creed of bigot
Are we dreading thy success,
But, with charity unbounded,
Bid God-speed thy usefulness.

DEVOTIONAL.

[(iii)]

HIS PRESENCE.

THY will be mine, my will be Thine,"
With consecrated heart we sing
When self is lost in life divine
And soul obeisance pays its King.

The entrance of this royal Guest—
Incarnate once as we are now—
Brings balm of hope to soul distressed,
And lifts us from despair's deep slough.

His presence maketh all things new;
There's blessed change without, within,
And sunbeams bright with lilies strew
The life-way darkened once by sin.



IN THE GLOAMING.

A MID the deep'ning shadows, Lord,
We come to Thee,
For soul has found a resting place
Secure and free.

The shadows are aglow with light
And Deity,
And the blest shining of Thy face
Makes darkness flee.

How sweet amid life's dissonance
To know Thy peace,
And that for earthly grief and care
There is surcease.
A pitying Lord doth hear our cries
And grant release,
When we in broken sobs of prayer
Implore His peace.



LIVE THY CREED.

LIVE thy creed, O soul of mine!
Naught has worth that's not divine.
Words are valueless compared
With brave deeds for conscience dared;
Thought has great uplifting power,
But the living of each hour
Gives the grand immortal dower;
Therefore press toward heavenly goal,
Living out thy creed, O soul!

PATIENCE.

BE patient with thyself,"
Said Fenelon of old;
A kernel of sweet truth
These words to us unfold.

To dwell in holy calm
With dual self within;
To live without a clash
With our own sacred twin—

Supernal virtue this,
A gem of ray serene;
Blest mystic bridge that links
This world with world unseen.



TO PAIN.

TRANSFORMING power hast thou, O
Pain!
When's passed thine hour we sing
again;
We're gladder then than e'er before,
And woeless men we pity more;

With eyes unholden, see God's way,
With faith emboldened, learn to pray.
Thou dost not rend our soul in vain;
Disguisèd friend art thou, O Pain!



CALLED.

CALLED into the grace of
Christ"—

Called into the holy life,
Out of the darksome night,
To walk with Him in white,
Soul unspotted by earth's strife.

"Called into the grace of Christ"—
Inner peace for worldly din;
Heaven on earth begun,
Glorious victories won
After conflicts sharp with sin.



HE KNOWS.

GOD'S living gift within us,
The sacred soul that grows
By sweet communion with Him,
Like Sharon's blooming Rose,

Makes glad our arid nature
And calms with blest repose
The turbulence of passion
With thought, "He knows, He knows."



SILENCE.

IN the stillness of the ocean
Is a silence that's sublime;
And the soul, released from moor-
ings,
Triumphs over sense and time.

In the misty blue of mountains
There's a silence that's profound;
And the spirit, rapt, communeth
With the God who's all around.

Ah, this silence! 'Tis like Heaven;
Blessed peace for worldly din!
Silence! silence! rapturous silence!
Walk we softly—God's within!

BE CHEERY.

HEART of mine, why art thou dreary
When Wisdom says, "Be cheery"?
Why shudder at the cold,
Why lose thy blessed hold
On loveliness and youth,
And cry in vain for Truth?
Be cheery, aye, be cheery!

Be glad, be glad, O heart of mine!
Sweet trust makes sun forever shine.
No vain and mocking show
Is this life here below;
'Tis full of wise intent,
God's ways beneficent.
Let golden glint of trust be thine.



THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

FROM home life pure to sinful world
You go, my child, to-day;
I fold my arms about you, dear,
And fondly for you pray.

The panoply of Love Divine
Must shield you in the fray;
The holy power of mother's love
Must be your guiding ray.

Remember, child, how sacred is
The life you bear within;
Remember this,—you'll victor be
In conflicts sharp with sin.

Be true to principles instilled,
Remembering you're akin
To Him, the tempted and the true;
And thus Life's crown you'll win.



STRENGTH FOR THE WEARY.

♦ I 'VE grown tired upon life's highway,
Limbs are trembling, heart's oppressed;
I would turn to cooling byway,
Seeking for my soul sweet rest.

I am weary of the rushing
And the whirl of business;
All the better life they're crushing,
Filling soul with deep distress.

Wherefore all this tumult, riot,
Which on nerves and brain so jar,
When we're longing for the quiet
Of the Blessed Land afar?

O my soul! look upward ever,
Craving naught the Lord's denied;
There is strength in blest endeavor,—
Christ for us was crucified.



JOY BELLS.

♦ I 'M glad I am alive to-day,
Such rapture spirit raises;
My heart doth sing, my soul doth
ring
With God's eternal praises.

We've no time here for sigh or tear,
We should be brave in sorrow,
For rainbow arch, in our life march,
We see to-day, to-morrow.

With mercies sweet, with love complete,
My life is brimming over.
Some souls are sad, but mine is glad,
And angels o'er me hover.

The joy bells ring within my soul
Because I love to ponder
Of that blest time when they shall chime
In holy land up yonder.



HAPPINESS.

TO-DAY so bright and happy is
I cannot think of care;
I'm gliding to the music sweet
Of joys ecstatic, rare.
Glad sunshine gleams from darkest nook—
There's beauty everywhere;
My heart and soul are steeped in bliss,
And life's supremely fair.

To-morrow's sun may fail to shine,
But I'll be happy now,—
Deep shadows fall athwart my sky,
I know not why nor how.
I'm in my Father's keeping true;
He'll guard from danger's slough;
In storm or shine He's ever mine—
My Pilot at the prow.



THE HEAVENLY CALL.



OUR eyes are holden; to our sight
There is no glimpse of guiding
light;—
Our ears are deaf, and fail to hear
The heavenly host that's chanting near;
But spite of this, the light is there,
And music throbs on the ambient air.
Some day the scales from our eyes will fall,
Some day our ears hear the angels call.
It may not be while pulse is high
That soul will cleave the upper sky;
But some sweet day a whisper low
Will call us home from world below.

EASTER.

GRIEF has lost its mournful tread,
Christ is risen from the dead!
And on this auspicious morn
Hope in sorrowing souls is born.

Glory shines throughout the skies,
Written 'tis in human eyes,
For to-day a tomb's unsealed,
And through earth glad tidings pealed.

Roman sentinel and steel
Powerless were to hold their seal;
For, though tombed in solid rock,
Christ arose, man's power to mock.

Mists of midnight disappear;
"Christ is risen!" greets the ear.
Doubt is vanished; holy trust
Springs triumphant from the dust.

HOMEWARD.

EVERY wave is charmed that bears
me homeward;
The port for which I steered is
now in sight;
Fear is gone; unharmed, I'm speeding on-
ward;
Life's cruise well ended, now come Home—
delight!



'A PRAYER.

SAVIOUR, more than life Thou art;
Dwell forever in my heart!
Be Thou hope and strength to me,
Let me duty clearly see
Till from sin I am made free,
And safe anchorage shall find
In blest haven of mankind
Just across the shining sea.

INTO THY HANDS.

♦ INTO Thy hands, O Father!
We commit to-day
The loved one Thou art taking
From our home away.

Into Thy hands! We'll not grieve
Though we miss fore'er
The sunshine and the sparkle
That made life so fair.

Into Thy hands! Blissful thought
That rainbows each tear,
And gives a silver lining
To grief's cloud so drear.

Into Thy hands we shall yield
The soul shrined in clay
When Thou for us shalt call
Some sweet, solemn day.

OCTOBER 11TH.

UNTHINKINGLY I wrote this date,
Then on my soul there rose
A vision of supreme delight
Which God to mortal shows.

The chains of worldliness fell off;
To spirit was revealed
The duties high of soul set free;
To conscience they appealed.

Asleep I'd been so many years,
Like Rip Van Winkle old,
But God awoke me with a kiss
To enter His dear fold.

Such ecstasy divine I knew!
Its bliss I cannot tell,
For those bright days that came and went
Had chime of Heaven's bell.

Long years have glided by since then;
I've most unfaithful been;
To other souls I have not showed
That I was free from sin.

To-day I stand convicted, Lord,
At court of conscience grave;
In deep humility I bow;
Thy mercy, pardon, crave.



TRANSLATED.

HADST Thou been here my brother
had not died!"
So oft this plaintive wail our
soul doth thrill
That God's eternal presence we forget.
His pitying love! It touched the fevered
brow
And quiv'ring nerves and heart so racked by
pain,
While underneath were Everlasting Arms.
"It is enough, dear child; thou'st suffered
long;
Come speed thee hence across the border-
land.
I'll lead thee safe to my blest home on high,
The house of many mansions, in which dwell
Thy loved ones gone before. Come, follow
me!"

We did not hear the Voice that lured him
 forth,
For only once 'tis heard by mortal ear,
But quick response he gave to proffered
 Guide,
And gladly sped to Home so bright and
 fair,
While on the marble mold there was im-
 pressed,
In sweetest smile, the kiss of Holy One
As soul bade long adieu to earthly thrall,
And upward winged its way to heavenly
 rest,
Leaving earth desolate and hearts bereft.



THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

REFRAIN thy voice from weeping,
 And refrain thine eyes from
 tears,"
Jehovah hath commanded;—
 To the winds we give our fears.

Loving kindness hath drawn us;
And, as shepherd doth his flock,
God will gather us and keep us
Underneath the sacred Rock.

The weary soul's refreshed,
Like a watered garden fair;
The life that erst was saddened,
Now has dropped its cross of care.

Arise on wings of gladness,
Sing from Zion's holy height
Of the love wherewith God's loved us
And of Christ, the world's true Light.



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

THAY on a great high mountain,
Apart from the rest of mankind,
Stood three disciples together,
With Jesus in centre enshrined.

Transfigured he stood before them,
The Master they loved so well,
With raiment as white as the snow
And love that no language could tell.

A light more brilliant than sunshine
 Beamed forth from that heavenly face;
Impetuous Peter outspoke:
 "It is good to be in this place!"

Elijah and Moses they saw,
 And a Voice came out of the cloud;
Of Sonship of Jesus it told,
 And low on the earth they bowed.

With fear their spirits were tortured,
 For mortal and Immortal met
On summit of lonely mountain
 Where sun ever rose or set.

Then tenderly Jesus touched them
 With, "Arise, and be not afraid";
And, lifting their eyes toward him,
 No longer were they dismayed;

For Jesus, their Friend and Master,
 Alone did they see and hear,
And never in long communion
 More loving did He appear.

And so when myst'ries enshroud us,
And our eyes are veiled from the light,
If upward we'd look we'd see Him,
Transfigured before our sight.



IMMORTAL.

♦ **I**MMORTAL till our work is done"—
How comforting is this belief!
At sunrise, noonday, set of sun,
What matter when comes death's relief
If our life's work is ended,
And hovering hosts descended,
To bear us home to God.

Immortal! Watched by angel band
No noisome pestilence can harm,
Nor dagger from assassin's hand
Can snap this tie of magic charm.
The pilgrim worn and hoary,
The babe enwrapped in glory,
Alike immortal are.

“Immortal till our work is done”—
This sweet assurance buoys the soul,
Helping earth’s toilers, one by one,
To reach the great eternal goal.
Robed in veil of life divine
We shall in God’s likeness shine,
Forever—Forever!



THY WILL BE DONE.

(Affectionately inscribed to my friend, Mrs.
B. T. B., of Norfolk, Va.)

SO sorely stricken, Lord, am I
I scarce can lift my voice to cry:
“Thy will be done, Thy will be
done!”

And yet, though heart be sore oppressed,
I yield to Thy divine behest,
Just strength to breathe: “Thy will be
done!”

Each idol of our household’s gone,
And I, alas! am all alone,
My plaintive wail: “Thy will be done!”

There's naught of happy home now left
But haunting mem'ries,—I'm bereft,
And pleading cry: "Thy will be done!"

The years are speeding by so fast,
Why should I grieve that I'm the last?
Heed Thou my cry: "Thy will be
done!"

This chast'ning, Lord, hath needful been,
For peace, sweet peace, it's left within.
In faith I cry: "Thy will be done!"

And when Thou callest me on high,
My rev'rent soul will joyful cry:
"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"



A VISION OF HEAVEN.

♦ **I** CLOSE mine eyes that outer light
May not affect the inner sight;
And then I dream, sweet waking
dream!

Of beauteous land eye hath not seen
Of land of palms and lilies fair,
A land that's free from every care.

The Rose of Sharon there I see
Beside life's everlasting tree;
And streets of gold and gates of pearl,
But no mad rush or giddy whirl,
Like that we see on earthly sphere,
Though myriad souls are dwelling there.

What dulcet strains mine ears salute!
Before such music I stand mute,
For never on this terrene sphere
Have I heard sounds so sweet and clear,
Exceeding chime of silver bells,
This symphony which rapture tells.

I see the friends I loved down here,
Translated from this land of fear
To dwell in realm of beauty there,
And love immortal ever share.
Ecstatic bliss! My spirits rise,
And how I yearn for Paradise!

To reach that land of living light
We do not pass through rayless night,
For Christ our heavenly Guide will be,
His halo bright fore'er we'll see.
Glad halleluiahs rend the air,
And then we're home in Heaven so fair.

AT SUNSET.

LIFE'S sun is fast setting,
And I am forgetting
All earthly things beside.
I've no time for fretting,
But I am just letting
My thoughts with God's abide.

Life's day was oft clouded,
And fogs sometimes shrouded;
Now there's gold in the west.
Faith's sky is unclouded;
The doubts that enshrouded,
Vanished, have left soul rest.



A WISH.

AN earnest wish within my soul abides;
'Tis this: that I may live so near to
Christ,
The One all-beautiful, that I may feel
The tender benediction of His love,

And breathe with every breath His loving
life
Into mine own; and then, with spirit glad,
Diffuse to other souls the fragrance rare
Exhaled by life that hidden is in Him.



A TWILIGHT SUPPLICATION.

A BIDE with us! The shades of even-
ing fall;
A hush is on the tumult of the
world,
And faith in this pure silence craves for
Thee.
To us come in, O Spirit undefiled!
Thy sacred presence give to welcoming
hearts,
That dwell in clayey tenements so rude.
Thou lowly Son of Man! Thou Triune
God!
Come in, and bless and break Thy bread
divine.
Our spirits hungered are by fasting long;
To inner life refreshment give, O Lord!

A benediction sweet this twilight hour,
Succeeding conflicts sharp with outer
world;

A holy calm that folds us in with Thee,
Thou great indwelling Christ! Thou Prince
of Peace!

Ere Thou shalt vanish, blest Invisible!
Grant us the spirit's boon—to be like Thee.



THANKFULNESS.



Y heart bows down in thankfulness
For mingled blessings, Lord,
For life with all its usefulness
Combined with music's chord;
For harmony that spirit wakes
At touch of Hand Divine,
For joyous thrill that stirs the heart
At sound of Voice like Thine.

Life's so replete with blessedness
That we should not repine
When lives that made our happiness
Fond hearts no more entwine.

The splendors of our earthly way
Should not obscurèd be
By mysteries inscrutable;
In faith we bow to Thee.



BEYOND.

BEYOND the fair haunts of living
men,
Beyond the far range of finite ken,
Our dearest vanish and come not again.

Beyond the pale of human endeavor,
Beyond the Now to the vast Forever
They speed; but space fond hearts ne'er can
sever.

Beyond earth's vales to city unknown,
Beyond the clouds to the Father's throne,
Our loved ones pass, but are still our own.

Beyond! Blessed realm of infinite bliss!
Beyond! Bright Home that is fairer than
this!

The casket that shrines the heart gems we
miss!

THANKSGIVING.

WITHIN my heart's a tender thrill
Of happiness to-day,
For Thou dost, Lord, my whole
life fill
With thankfulness alway.

No home of love and care I know
On this Thanksgiving day;
But tears of grief no longer flow
For loved ones far away.

For blessings of those years long sped,
Accept my thanks to-day;
For friends in Heaven the world calls dead
A tribute sad I pay.

Thou'st given me health and strength, dear
Lord,
Take Thou my thanks to-day;
A useful service dost accord,
Warm thanks I humbly say.

Thank offerings without surcease,
On this auspicious day,
I give for land of plenty, peace,
That worships Thee this way.

Deep gratitude comes welling up
On this Thanksgiving day
From heart that's filled from Mercy's cup:
"Thank God!" I fervent say.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



H! wonderful story,
This story of Love,
Which brought down from Glory
God's Heavenly Dove.

We sing it with fervor,
With rapture repeat
This story of Christ Child,
Amazingly sweet.

The love-life of Christmas,
That broods in the air
Should tender our spirits
And make us more fair.

We'll love Him; we'll serve Him;
We'll kneel at His feet,
Like Magi of old time,
With homage complete.

And when God shall call us,
His praises we'll sing
For the world's great Redeemer,
Our Saviour and King.



COMFORT.

WHEN the light of life has faded
From the eyes that were so
dear,

And we're groping in the shadows
Of a sorrow dark and drear,
Come these words in pitying accents:
"Child, I'm with thee; do not fear."

Words of tenderness and comfort
From the lips of God's own Son,
Who, while passing through these earth
scenes,
Saw life's work sublimely done,

And who gentle love and pity
Gave to every troubled one.

Aye! the deepest depths of sorrow
May be pinnacles of bliss
When we've found the loving favor
Of a Saviour such as this;
And with brave and loyal spirit
We shall pass to those we miss.



GOD IS WITH US.

GOD is with us!" Words of cheer
Sounding down the centuries
clear
From the lips of Wesley dear.

With us in our holy creed,
With us in our sorest need;
Yea, He is our God indeed!

Life would be a dreary world,
When we're spurned by loved ones cold
Did God's love not us enfold.

Strongest bulwark is that love;
Pure and true like gentle dove—
Naught we'll fear when He's above.

“God is with us!” We'll not shrink
When we reach cold Jordan's brink,
For we'll living water drink.

Yes, God's with us. We'll not dread
To be numbered with the dead,
For our faith He's strengthenèd.

Going home, no more to die,
“God is with us!” let us cry,
Like Wesley true, who dwells on high.

RETROSPECTIVE.

(145).

ASLEEP.

WE have gazed and gazed, like one
entranced,
On the sleeping form of a
darling child,
And heard the low rhythm of life's strange
tide
While we dreamed sweet dreams for the
undefiled.

Again we have watched by some fragile
one,
And held our breath with an inward awe,
For the current moved with such feeble
pulse
That the angel Death we thought we saw.

Ah, what semblance there is 'twixt life and
death!

Like weary children we fall asleep,
Unconscious alike of both friend and foe,
Assured that God will our slumbers keep.

Asleep! Yes, sleeping to wake no more;
The loving clasp relaxed for a while
From the gleesome child that we so adored,
From the fair, sweet babe that knew no
guile.

The pure young bride, with her orange
wreath,
Asleep in the casket satin-lined,
And the strong, brave man, with the God-
like life,
Lost to the world and to hearts enshrined.

Passed from this fleeting, ephemeral life,
The smile of God enstamped on the brow;
Awakened from swoon of mortality,
Victors through death, they are resting
now.



HOPE TRIUMPHANT.

(A Song of Youth.)

TO-DAY in a woodland bower I sit
With a heart that's free from care,
For 'tis the spring of both life and
year,
And the world is wondrous fair.

In my bower of bliss I dream sweet dreams
Of yet happier time for me,
When all desire will fruition have,
And fortune's monarch I'll be.

By fortune I mean not gleaming gold,
But love with its holy power,
And fame which shall link my name with
thoughts
That soothe at the twilight hour.

The tide of young life will bear me on,
Yet dreaming I'll ever be
Of a happier time that's just ahead
Till the sunset hour I see.

Oh! hope of youth, with thy radiant shrine,
A fortune thou art indeed,
For thy blest illusions buoy the heart,
Imparting a living creed.

So I sit to-day in bower of bliss
And future with present enlink;
Thankful for life, more thankful for hope
Arching eternity's brink.

THYSELF.

RESOLVE to be thyself! Attain
The nobler life God meant for
thee.

Pine not for sphere of usefulness
Which thine was ne'er ordained to be.
Perform with joy the daily round
Of tasks which God appointed thee,
Nor look for other praise than His:
And thus thy spirit will be free,
And thou, indeed, wilt be thyself
For time and great Eternity.



CONSCIENCE.

STRONGER than law engraved on
stone, which God
To prophet gave on Sinai's awful
crest,
Is law that's written in the human breast,
This law of conscience—God's divine be-
quest.

“Conscience makes cowards of us all,” was
said

By peerless, wondrous dowered son of
song,
Who touched life’s harp, and holds en-
tranced vast throng,
Which this strong monitor oft shields
from wrong.



RALLYING POWER.

WITH claspèd hands and downcast
eyes,

We mutely stand when sorrow
comes;

Not even strength to think have we,
For grief, we know, e’en soul benumbs.

Though deep the impress sorrow makes
On heart and life when we’re bereft,
We are not hopeless, God be thanked!
Hope’s never dead while reason’s left.

Ah! ’tis this blessed germ of hope
That keeps alive life’s flame within,
And lifts the soul to God on high,
Inspiring faith to victory win.

HOPE.

COMMINGLED with life's bitterness
There always is some sweet;
And shining through our darkest
hour
Bright star of hope we greet.
And though our heart be filled with grief
There always is some room
For ray divine in it to shine,
To chase away the gloom.



ONLY.

 **N**LY a mother crying
For her babe that's gone;
Only a maiden sighing
For the love that's flown.

Only an exile weeping
For a land denied;
Only a captive sleeping
With a name decried.

Only a heart that's breaking
For kind words unsaid;
Only a mourner taking
Last look at the dead.

Only a treasure lying
Beneath the chill sod;
Only a soul that's hieing
Homeward to God.



MUTATION.

WE form new ties, and we drift
away
From the loving hearts of yes-
terday;
Not cold nor unkind do we mean to be,
But the past is only a memory.

So natural 'tis to sever the ties,
That broken friendships should not sur-
prise;
For tangible love is what we seek,
And of old-time love why should we speak?

Mutation is written on all things here,
On hearts as well as on leaves grown sere;
'Tis Nature's decree, many contend—
Then why grieve at loss of butterfly friend?



NEEDS.

STRENGTH for to-day,
Strength for life's fray,
Is what we are needing.

Work, earnest work,
Work, patient work,
Regardless of feeling.

Action from thought,
Duty well wrought,
Is what the world's needing.
Christ in our marts,
Heaven in our hearts,
Life's import revealing.

Faith in ourself,
Less thought of pelf,
Sorely we are needing.
That we may win
Victory o'er sin,
For this we're appealing.

DREAMLAND.

 N the peaceful shores of Dreamland
We have anchored life's frail
bark,
And, protected by Divine One,
We shall rest till song of lark
Calls us forth to earnest duties
Which our lives must ever mark
Till, in port of Life Eternal,
We from frail ship disembark.



WHITHER?

 FTER the storm comes the calm,
After pain's terror is balm,
And the heart sings glad refrain.
Ah, whither has fled the cloud,
And whither the haunting shroud
That we see them not again?

Earth lies under sunlit skies,
Joy beams in the patient's eyes,
For the wrathful conflicts o'er.

And we'll know each why and where
In the land of love so fair
Just beyond the jasper shore.



IN DARKEST HOUR.

SO bleak and cheerless is the day,
So long and lonely is the way,
That heart grows cold.
"There's blue sky somewhere," children
say;
But eyes can catch no far-off ray
Of sunshine's gold.

Deep shadows o'er life's dial lower;
Black clouds descend in copious shower;
Lost seems our goal!
Then blessed Hope, in this dark hour,
Shines forth with glorious, heavenly power
And lights the soul.

A STAR IN THE DARKNESS.

MAN'S hold on bliss, as poet says,
Is like to spider's fine-spun
thread

Which breaks, alas! at slightest breeze:
Life's thread breaks, too, and friends are
dead.

We dwell 'mid mem'ries of the past,
A past that makes us what we are;
And visions of our loved and lost
Light up our lives like shining star.



SUCCESS.

BITTER failure earth may bring us,
Creatures we of circumstance,
But success of highest order
Comes from God, and not by chance.
Virtue dwells in soul that's loyal,
Crowning life with crown that's royal,
And its watchword is, "Advance!"

LIFE'S GOLDEN SIDE.

NO room there is for brooders
In the fellowship of man;
Avaunt with melancholy,
And be cheerful as you can.

Life's vicissitudes are many,
But they should not soul depress;
Give the all-hail of your voice
To your brother in distress.

Society has duties
That man cannot ignore;
Companionship and sunshine
Lift the pall from heart and door.

Not a sphere of isolation
Is the world in which we live,
But a human hive demanding
That to all we honey give.

Let us make of sad experience
Bonfire, in whose light we'll see
What we mourned was God's appointment—
Gold from dross by flame set free.

Death and burial we've given
To the things that tortured soul;
Henceforth morning hope and radiance
Stimulate to nobler goal.



CHEERFULNESS.

 UR lives are full of heart-break,
But with bright and cheerful air,
Respond we to each duty,
Casting off corroding care.

God made us to be sunbeams,
Shining forth from darkest cloud;
He bids us walk with patience,
Howe'er jostled by the crowd.

He meant us to be useful
In this life so strangely given,
And to reflect His glory
On our way from earth to heaven.

Like bird of forest, singing
In vale or on hilltop,
So neither grief nor gladness
Should make our music stop.

Sometimes amid deep sorrows
Strong minor chords are heard,
But still the music's pealing,
And our hearts by it are stirred.

It is not easy always,
When we stand 'mid billows wild,
To smile upon the breakers;
But God guards His trusting child.

Thank God for cheerful spirits,
As we journey o'er life's way;
Their sunshine sheds a glory
On the path to endless day.



I WONDER.

I WONDER why our Lord on high
Hath laid on me such sorrow,
And why He's veiled with such a
pall
Each bright and happy morrow.

I wonder why all Nature's glad
When life's for me so dreary;
How birds can sing and bells can ring
While I am so a-weary.

I wonder why the sun's so bright,
Why earth is merry-making,
And tuneful souls are full of glee
While my poor heart is breaking.

I wonder why things clang and crash
So wildly all around me,
When I so yearn to be alone,
From every earthly sound free.

I wonder why—deep wonder this!—
Grim Death should still heart's beating;
Why shroud and bier and hearse we see,
With Love and Hope so fleeting.

I wonder oft, I wonder much,
How all these things can be;
But well I know in God's own time
That He will clear each mystery.



I KNOW.

♦ **I** KNOW that under the winter snow,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
A magician is deftly working,
And will give glad surprise
When beautiful spring is dawning.

I know the hoar frost and white, white
 snow,
 Though we shrink from them now,
Will end in a bountiful harvest,
 For they richly endow
The forest and field of farmer.

I know that a block of senseless stone,
 In hand of sculptor rare,
Springs forth into rapturous beauty,
 Like fabled goddess fair
From the brain of creator Jove.

I know that rich diamonds are **nothing**
 But bits of useless stone
Until they are chiselled to splendor
 By skillful art of one
Who faithfully worketh alone.

I know there is nothing worth having
 That is easily won;
For God e'er awardeth the guerdon
 To the untiring one,
Who with patience of hope works on.

I know that the soul's life is quickened
By sad discipline here,
And that after our toilful sowing
Comes rich fruitage of cheer,
To gladden hearts with its largess.

I know that when into God's keeping
We've giv'n our heart's desire,
And our eyes are cleared from their weep-
ing
By the punitive fire,
That life has a glory untold.

I know that cold, labor, and sorrow
Are blessings in disguise,
That God, our Father, has appointed
These means for us to rise
To hallowed heights of true living.



A QUESTION ANSWERED.

YOU ask, dear friend, why I am sad,
And why in minor key
The thought of soul's always ex-
pressed
Like moaning dove's soft plea.

It is not hard to answer, dear,
Your question, gentle, kind,
For life's so lone for me down here,
Since no fond heart I find.

The friends that made my life so bright
In days of Auld Lang Syne,
Have cleft Heaven's veil of ether blue;
For them I yearn and pine.

Sad thoughts Eolian strains evoke
From heart so much alone;
And plaintive note so oft I hear,
Is why I thus make moan.

The storms of life have wildly raged,
But, oh! there's One above
Whose Hand's outstretched for me alway,—
The God of Life and Love.

Though I am sad, I'm happy, too,
For in my soul abides
A hope of blessedness beyond,
Worth all the world besides.

SYMPATHY.

GIVE thyself with thine alms,
Let thy soul attuned be
To the griefs of mankind,
To the sorrows we see.

Souls are crying for bread
And we give them a stone,
They are pleading for love,
But we heed not their moan.

We dole out our pennies,
Which we lay in their palms,
Withholding things richer,—
In God's sight the true alms.

The world is a-hungered
For the love we can give,
For sympathy tender
Which in all souls should live.

If hearts have responded
To the cries we have heard,
And we've given that comfort
Which the soul can up-gird,

Ah! soon will the shadows
That so checker life's path
Be lost in the sunshine
Of the great Aftermath.



SLEEPING IN THE DUST.

WE grieve sometimes that Nature
has
No pitying thought
For those who sleeping are in dust.
The golden gleam of sunset skies
Doth mock'ry seem,
When we've interred beneath earth's crust
Life's brightest hopes, to sleep in dust.

No ray of splendor will be lost
From Nature's face,
When we are sleeping in the dust.
Like sweetest idyl, life will move
In measure true;
And souls will love without distrust,
When we are sleeping in the dust.

Ah! selfish is the grief that would
Exclude sunshine,
Though love be sleeping in the dust.
Let Nature's diapason grand,—
My last request,—
Ring forth a chorus of sweet trust,
When I am sleeping in the dust.



TRANSITION.

NO lamps of joy my heart now light,
For friendships sweet have taken
flight,
Like butterflies to blooms more bright,
And love is dead.

In life's drear inn I sit alone,
Quite desolate since love is flown,
And from tense lips escapes the moan:
"E'en hope is fled!"

But soul, which is our life's true king,
Asserts itself, and gloom takes wing;
Forthwith I hear the angels sing
Of God o'erhead.

Quick banished now is loneliness,
And I no more am comfortless;
Companioned by sweet thoughts that bless
I've naught to dread.



TO MY BOOKS.

SWEET books of mine, ye do entwine
Your tendrils 'round my heart
With fond caress and lovingness
That say we ne'er can part.

Such loyal friends Heaven rarely sends
To cheer our onward way
As one's pure books, in quiet nooks,
That shine with lustrous ray.

In morning hour I feel your power,
As students did of old;
At evening, too, sip honeydew
From flowers ye do enfold;

But ye're most rife with light and life
At lonely midnight hour,
When, vital part of my own heart,
Ye breathe with godlike power.

MISERERE.

WALK there 'mong us kingly
spirits,

But the earth-dust in our eyes
Blinds us to their full-orbed glory
Till they've passed into the skies.

Ah! how selfish are our gropings,
And how chary is our praise!
Could their ears but catch the music,
Loud the pæans we would raise.

Could we know while they are standing
At our side in life's fair prime,
That in such a little season
They will pass the bounds of Time,

Ah! how tenderly we'd greet them,
And how reverently we'd deal
With the soul so near releasing,
With the heart that has death's seal.

On their tombs we lay fair emblems
Of the love we never told,
While our breaking hearts cry madly
For the friend beneath the mold.

God has given us great treasures,
But how frail, alas! are they!
For the caskets that enshrine them,
Like our own, are made of clay.

Souls are starving for the manna
That we could so richly give
From the storehouse of affection
While we here together live.

Then, with true appreciation
Of the worth of friends so dear,
Let us love and cheer each other
Ere we stand beside the bier.



DEATH.

IN waxen calm a tiny babe lay,
Its violet eyes closed in dreamless
rest;
And with aching heart we turned away,
And faintly whispered: "God's will is
best;
But death is sad for this little one
Whose knowledge of earth had scarce be-
gun."

In coffined beauty our darling smiled,
Not now a babe, but the household pet,
Such a dimpled, darling, winsome child,
That beholders all, with cheeks tear-wet,
Softly murmured: "How sad 'tis to die
And rend forever heart's tender tie!"

Again we behold the chiseled form
Of a maiden fair, a comely lass,
A dear one snatched from the raging storm,
A shivered life, like Venetian glass;
And tear-drops fall with the old-time sigh:
"In life's bright morn how sad 'tis to die!"

And now a bride in her last long sleep
We see in the casket satin-lined,
While orange blossoms and lilies keep
Their faithful vigil with love entwined,
As heart sobs blend with the bitter moan:
"O Death! thou hast left me all alone!"

A mother sleeps in unwonted calm,
So white and mute, with her eyes shut
tight;
On her bosom lies the victor's palm,
Emblem of rest after hardest fight.

Motherless children cluster around,
And "Death is cruel!" we hear the sound.

Apollo's form we behold in death,
With stalwart figure and noble brow.
We weep that from him the fleeting breath
Has fled forever, and Love cries now:
"So useful he was, and so beloved;
How could you touch one the gods ap-
proved?"

An aged queen in her palace grand
In stateliness lay on flower-wreathed bier,
For wealth had no power to stay the hand
Of pitiless Death, or to dry the tear
Of royal mourners who weeping said:
"So sad is her fate when such life she led!"

It is ever thus: there is no time
When Death can claim those we fondly
love;
In youth or in age we hear the chime
Of love-bells soundings, like cooing dove,
And "sad" or "cruel" we ever say
When loved ones are called from earth
away.

DISSOLUTION.

WE call it death, that fearful thing,
That steals the breath and gives
soul wing.

“O Death!” we say, “why from us take
Love’s holy ray, and leave heart-break?”

But vain appeal! In armor clad,
With heart of steel, he seemeth glad

To rend the tie that binds to earth
A soul most high, of heavenly birth.

A house of clay is what he leaves;
It will decay—ah! thought that grieves!

Life’s vital spark from earth is gone;
A soaring lark, it’s heavenward flown.

MY LIFE.

SOMETIMES I say, 'mid falling tears,
 “My life's not worth the living;
 For earth is full of earnest work,
 And I'm so little giving.”

While this is true beyond a doubt,
 My life is in God's keeping;
And if I strive to do His will,
 There is no need of weeping.

I'm well assured my Father has
 Some purpose in my being,
For He has often brought me forth
 From dangers past my seeing.

He hedges me about from harm,
 And in my heart is sowing
Sweet seeds of trustfulness and love
 Which day by day are growing.

I know I'm but an atom here,
 In this great world of beauty,
But I've my field of usefulness,
 A sphere of hallowed duty.

And if my work is done aright,—
Ah! how my heart is leaping!—
These harvest fields like gold will shine,
And yield a gracious reaping.



GOOD NIGHT.

THE busy day is ended,
Bright stars are shining now;
By angels we're defended,
At Mercy Seat we bow;
To friend and foe alike we say:
"Good night! May morrow bring good
day!"

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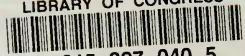
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